

at Athens. The House is fashioned in fine old colonial style — spacious and cool, white and yellow; its founder, enjoying honoured distinction as the adopted son of Washington, entertained with lavish hospitality, and drew to Arlington annual hosts of visitors and friends. Lafayette was here, and here came many another hero, to rehearse their recollections of the men and the events of Revolutionary days. Upon the death of Mr. Custis, Arlington passed to the children of his only daughter, wife of Col. Robert E. Lee, of the United States Army. Then came the Civil War, and one realises the heart-breaking tragedy of this man's life as one watches him sign his resignation from the Federal service and leave his beloved home for ever to take command of the Virginia troops, afterward to become the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army.

Hardly had the Lees gone than the Federal troops took possession, and converted the mansion into headquarters, the grounds into a camp. Here a hospital was established, and when other available cemetery grounds no longer sufficed for the burial of the dead, the level plateaux and grassy slopes of Arlington were

devoted to the purpose of a military cemetery. The first grave prepared was for a Confederate prisoner who died in the hospital. The total number of soldiers buried at Arlington during that war and since is 17,000.

The grounds are noble in contour and adornment. There are mossy lawns, and a profusion of gorgeous flowers, ornamental trees, and shrubs. Man has done much.

But above the skill of man one recognises the majestic beauty of the site itself, with its slopes and ravines, and the hillsides crowned with oaks. It is as if through long centuries Nature herself had lovingly moulded the spot, making it ready for its final great purpose, the resting-place of the nation's heroic dead.

The means employed to give a military and national character to Arlington are simple and dignified. All the day through the Stars and

Stripes float from the staff before the House, until the sunset gun of Fort Myer sends its echoes answering from shore to shore. In the garden to the south rises the Temple of Fame, an open circular colonnade with low-domed roof; the cornice bears the names of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and Farragut, and on the columns are the names of other great men. The beds of the flower gardens are arranged in patterns to form the names of the great commanders, and symbols and badges of army corps.

Disposed here and there about the grounds are bronze tablets, inscribed with the solemn measures of Colonel Theodore O'Hara's elegiac:—

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.  
The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on Life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few.



THE FIELD OF THE DEAD.

No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms,  
No braying horn or screaming fife  
At dawn shall call to arms.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout are past.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!  
Dear as the blood ye gave!  
No impious footsteps here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave.

Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or Honour points the hallowed spot  
Where Valour proudly sleeps.

Nor wreck, nor change, nor Winter's blight,  
Nor Time's remorseless doom,  
Shall dim one ray of holy light  
That gilds your glorious tomb.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground

Their silent tents are spread,

And Glory guards, with solemn round,

The bivouac of the dead.

No rumour of the foe's advance

Now swells upon the wind;

No troubled thought at midnight haunts

Of loved ones left behind.

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